

(Copyright, 1895, by Irving Bacheller.) CHAPTER I.

It would be easy to walk many a time through "Fife and a' the lands about it" and never once find the little fishing hamlet of Pitter craigie. Indeed, it would be a singular thing if it was found, unless some special business and direction led to clearly it was never intended that human beings should build homes where these cottages cling together, between sea and sky; a few here and a few there, hidden away in every bend of the rock, where a little ground could be leveled until the tides, in stormy weather, break with threat and fury on the very doorsteps of the lowest cottages.

Yet as the lofty semi-circle of hills bends inward, the sea follows, and there is a fair harbor, where the fishing boats ride together, while their sails dry in the afternoon sun. Then the hamlet is still, for the men are sleeping off the weariness of their night work, while the children play quietly among the tangle and the women mend nets or balt the lines for the next fishing. A lonely little spot, shut in by sea and land, and yet life is there in all its passionate variety-love and hate, jealousy and avarice, youth, with its ideal sorrows and infinite expectations; age, with

sorrows and infinite expectations; age, with its memories and regrets, and "sure and certain, hope."

The cottages also have their individualities. Although they are much of the same size and pattern, an observing eye would have picked out the Binnie cottage as distinctive and prepossessing. Its outside walls were as white as lime could make them, its small windows brightened with geraniums, and a muslin curtain, and the litter of ropes and nets and drying



looking down the shingle toward the pier and in the little tavern, from which came in drowsy tones the rough monotonous songs which sea men sing.

Standing thus in the clear, strong light, her great beauty was not to be denicd. She was tall and not too slender, and at this moment the set of her head was like that of a thoroughbred horse when it pricks its ears to listen. She had full, soft brown eyes, with long lashes and heavy eyebrows; an open-air complexion, dazzling, even teeth, an abundance of dark, rippling hair, ard a flush of ardent life, opening her wide nostrils and stirring gently the exquisite mcld of her throat and bust. The moral impression that she gave was that of a pure, strong, compassionate woman; coolimpression that she gave was that of a pure, strong, compassionate woman; cool-neaded, but not cold; capable of vigorous joys and griefs. After a few minutes' investigation she went back to the cottage and stood in the open doorway, with her head leaning against the lintel. Her mother had begun to prepare the evening meal fresh fish was frying over the fire, and the oat cakes toasting before it; yet as she moved rapidly about she was watching her daughter, and very soon she gave words to

her thoughts.

"Christina, you'll no require to be looking after Andrew. The lad has been asleep ever since he eat his dinner."

ever since he eat his dinner."
"I know that, mother."
"And if it's Jamie Lauder you're thinking "And if it's Jamie Lauder you're thinking o', let me tell you, it's a poor business. I have a fear and an inward down-sinking about that young man."
"Perfect nonsense, mother! There's nothing to fear you about Jamie."
"What good ever came through folk saved from the sea? They bring sorrow back wi' them, and that's a fact weel known."

What could Andrew do but save the lad?"
"Why was the lad running before such a sca? He should have got into harbor; there was time enough. And if it was Andrew's duty to save him, it is na your duty to be loving him; you may tak' that much sense from me."
"Whist, mother! He hasna said a word o' love to me."

is burning, and the oat cakes, The fish is burning, and the oat cakes, too, for I'm smelling them ben the house," he said, and Janet ran to the fireside and hastily turned her herring and cakes.

"I'm feared you'll no think much o' your meat tonight," she said, regretfully, "the tea is fairly ruined."

"Never mind the meat, mother," said Andrew; "we dinna live to eat." "Never mind the meat! What parfect nonsense! There's something wrong wi' folk that dinna mind their meat."

folk that dinna mind their meat."

"Weel, then, you shouldna be so vain o'
yourself, mother. You were preening like
a young lassie when I got sight o' you—and
the meat taking care o' itself."

"Me vain! Na, na! Naebody that kens
Jenet Binnie can say she's vain. I wot
weel that I am a frail, miserable creature,
wi' little need o' being vain, either o' my-

Janet Binnie can say she's vain. I wot weel that I am a frail, miserable creature, wi' little need o' being vain, either o' myself or my bairns. But draw to the table and eat; I'll warrant the fish wili prove better than it's bonnie."

They sat down with a pleasant content that soon broadened into mirth and laughter, as Jamie Lauder began to tell, and to show, how the peddler lad fleeced and flethered the fisher wives out of their bawbees, adding at the last that he "couldna come within sight o' their fine words, they were that civil to him."

"Ou, ay, senselessly civil, nae doubt o' it," said Janet. "A peddler aye gives the whole village a fit o' the liberalities. The like o' Jean Robertson spending a crown on him. The words are no to seek that she'll get from me in the morning."

Then Jamie took a letter from his pocket and showed it to Andrew. "Robert Toddy brought it this afternoon," he said, "and, as you may see, it is from the Hendersons o' Giasgow, and they say there will be a berth soon for me in one o' their ships. And their boats are good, and their captains good, and there's chances for a fine sailor on that line. I may be a captain myself one o' these days!" and he laughed so gayly and looked so bravely into the face of such a bold idea that he persuaded every one else to expect it for him. Janet pulled her new shawl a little closer and smilled; her thought was—"After all, Christina may wait longer and fare worse, for she's turned twenty;" yet she showed a little reserve as she asked:

"Are you then Glasgow born, Jamie Lauder?"

"Me Glasgow born! What are you think-"

craigle the marriage of Andrew Binnie and Sophy Thraill was a fact beyond disputing. Some said "it was the right thing" and more said it was "the foolish thing," and among the latter was Andrew's mother, though as yet she had said it very cautiously to Andrew, whom she regarded as "clean daft and senselessly touchy about the lassie."

But she sent the young people out of the house while she redd up the disorder made by the evening meal, though as she wiped her tea cups she went frequently to the little window and looked at the four young things sitting together on the bit of turf which carpeted the top of the clift before the cottage. Andrew, as a priviof turf which carpeted the top of the clift before the cottage. Andrew, as a privileged lover, held Sophy's hand; Christina sat next to her brother and facing Jamie Lauder, so it was easy to see how her face kindled and her manner softened to the charm of his merry conversation, his snatches of breezy sea song and his clever bits of mimicry. And as Janet walked to and fro, setting her cups and plates in the rack and putting in place the table and chairs, she did what we might all do more frequently and be the wiser for ithe talked to herself, to the real woman within her and thus got to the bottom of things.

things.

In less than an hour there began to be a movement about the pier, and then Andrew and Jamie went away to their night's work, and the girls sat still and watched the men across the level sands, and the boats hurrying out to the fishing grounds. Then they went back to the cottage and



Neither of the girls was inclined to talk, but Christina wondered at Sophy's silence, for she had been unusually merry while the young men were present.

Now she sat quiet on the doorstep, clasping her left knee with hands that had no sign of labor on them, but the mark of the needle on the left forefinger. At her side Christina stood, her tall, straight figure seeming nobly clad in a striped blue and white linsey petticoat, and a little posey of lilac print, cut low enough to show the white, firm throat above it. Her fine face radiated thought and feeling; she was on the verge of that experience which glorifies the simplest life. The exquisite gloaming, the tender sky, the full heaving sea were

in sweetest sympathy; they were sufficient, and Sophy's thin, fretful voice broke the charm and almost offended her.

"It is a weary life, Christina! How do you thole it?"

"You're just talking. You were happy enough half an hour syne."

"I wasn't happy at all."

"You let on like you were. I should think you would be as feared to act a lie as to tell one."

"I'll be away from Pittencraigle tomorrow morn."

row morn."
"Whatna for?" "Whatna for?"
"I hae my reasons."
"No doubt you hae a 'because' of your own, but what will Andrew say? He's no expecting it."
"I dinna care what he says."
"Sonby Threal!"

"Sophy Thraill."
"I dinna; Andrew Binnie is na the whole o' life to me."
"Whatever is the matter with you?"
"Naething."

"Naething."
Then there was a pause, and Christina's thoughts flew seaward. In a few minutes, however, Sophy began talking again.
"Do you come often as far as Largo, Christina?" she asked.

Christina?" she asked.

"Whiles I take myself that far. You may count me up for the last year; I sought you every time."

"Ay. Do you mind on the Law road a bonnie house, fine and old, with a braw garden, and peacecks in it, trailing their leng feathers o'er the grass and gravel?"

"You'll be meaning Braelands? Folks canna miss the house, if they tried to."

"I was wondering if you ever noticed a young man about the place. He is any dressed for the saddle, or else he is in the saddle, and so, maist sure to hae a whip in his hame."

"What are you talking for?"

in his hadd."

"What are you talking for?"

"He is brawly handsome. They call him Archie Braelands."

"I have heard tell o' him, and by what is said, I shouldn't think he was an improving friend for any young girl to have."

"Th's or that, he likes me. He likes me beyond everything."

ing friend for any young girl to have."
"This or that, he likes me. He likes me beyond everything."
"Do you know what you are saying, Sophy?"
"I do, fine."
"Are you liking him?"
"It wouldna be hard to do."
"Has he ever spoke to you?"
"Weel, he's no as blate as a fisher lad. I find him in my way when I'm no thinking; and see here, Christina! I got a letter from him this afternoon. A real love letter. Such bonnie words! They are like poetry. They are bonnie as singing."
"Did you tell Andrew this?"
"Why would I do that?"
"You are a false, little cutty, Sophy Thraill. I would tell Andrew myself, but I'm loth to hurt his true heart. Now, you be to leave Archie Braelands alone, or I'll ken the reason why."
"Gude preserve us a'! What a blazing passion for naething! Can't a lassie gie a bit o' lassie's chat without calling a court o' sessions anent it?" And she rose and shook her skirt and said with an air of offense: "You may tell Andrew if you like to It would be a poor thing if a girl

Nist practiced at the press founded at Venice, in 1489, by the famous Aldus. Gold tooling upon leather was practically the last work in bookbinding, and in spite of the march of time and improvement in appliances no artistic advance has yet been made upon some of the volumes that date from the Aldine press.

Thanks to those magnificent patrons, Jean Grolicr and Maloil, this new departure in leather work speedly attained a position from which it has never been deposed. In France, owing to Grolier's indefatigable zeal as a collector and binder the art of gold tooling grew apace, and under the fostering care of such patrons as Henri II, Catherine de Medici, Dianne de Poytiers and a host of others, the golden age of bookbinding set in. Roughly speaking, one may say that the bookbinder's art reached its zenith in the latter half of the sixteenth century. To France also belongs Le Gascon—no unworthy successor to the two Eves, whose work is still the glory of what our author sometimes calls the "bibliopegistic art."

From Harner's Barne I took her to sail on the bounding sea; I took her to fish the blue: I baited her book, and she smiled on me, And I thought her heart was true, And I thought her heart was true.

I paid my court all the summer long,
And I paid much else beside;
I sang her many a loving song,
And asked her to be my bride,

And asked her to be my bride, And then—oh the woe of a bud mistake! It's broken my peor old heart— The answer that girl that fine did make Still makes that organ smart, Still makes that organ smart.

She answered "Yes"—Not as you thought
As you read the lines above!
The idea in your mind has caught
That she had apurned my love,
My love,
That she had spurned my love.

But nothing of the kind she said.
Alas she answered "Yes!"
And we were wed ere autumn sped,
And I, I must confess,

Confess And I, I must confess, I wish that we had never met
Down by the sad sea wave.
I say it to my great regret,
She spends thrice what I save,
I save,

She spends thrice what I save. And had she only filted me With a calm and haughty air, Instead of facing bankruptcy I'd now be a millionaire,

The Decayed French Gentlewoman From the London Truth.

The decayed French gentlewoman has a advantage over the Englishwoman of her class in a climate that does not spoil her clothes. The English lady reduced to go bout seeking for a place is soon draggled about seeking for a place is soon draggled and so p. Her boots and bonnet get shapeless. Self-respect disappears as the clothes become the worse for rain or fog and soot blacks. She becomes the image of dejection. Servants look askance at her. Cousins feel ashamed of her, and shopkeepers see in a glance that she will not do for them.

The Frenchwoman can wear a gown until it falls to pieces from old age. Her shoes and stockings are always neat, and her bonnet fresh looking. These advantages, due greatly to climate, are not sufficiently taken into account by those who set her up

Some Stirring Encounters Between

Man and Beast.

WITH THE COW BOSS

(Copyright, 1895, by Bacheller, Johnson & Bacheller.)

range.

The gulch became a canon with beautiful

deep red cliffs rising perpendicularly on

At an altitude of about 8,000 feet I came

out upon the floor of a grassy valley with

crested buttes standing about like fort-

resses. The lower hills were delicately modeled with curves delicious as the cheeks

of peaches. Behind me the Pike's Peak

range lifted to the sky, which was gray

I passed by scattered ranches, desolate and squalid, among the splendid hills. Fedraggled women showed their worn faces

at the windows and half-wild children peer At 7,000 feet I came upon a finer, wider basin, which was speckled with cattle. Here my guide had a cabin, and I stayed all night with him and his partner. The cattle were "range cattle," as they are called, and were wild and flerce-look ing, especially the bulls-great, lithe, tiger

bodied fellows with white heads and wide borns. They are a cross between Hereford cattle and Texan broad horns. I saw one or

two of the few remaining pure broad horns

They ran with long, springing action, and mounted the hills with the ease of deer.

I slept that night in the midst of coyotes and wild cattle. adall night, whenever I awoke I could heare the bawl of restless bulls, the bleat of calves and the call of the dams.

places I had to lie flat on my horse to go under the dripping trees.

It was very steep and blind in places, and descended a thousand feet in a short distance. A little stream singing along uttered the only sound. All else was perfectly silent. Overhead the sky was gray and the canon's sides were like walls of ingred masonry.

and the canon's sides were like walls of jagged masonry.

As I entered Wilson Creek valley I came upon news of the round-up. It was only "four miles down." I began to hope. I rode four miles. It was "about two miles down." I rode two miles; it was "just across the creek." I crossed the creek and heard the with bawling of cattle. I rounded a curve in the road and came upon the "bunch" being held and "worked" by a score of agile horsemen.

Five or six riders were cutting out cattle which were to be left on that range, and also those to be branded. These separate bunches were being held by other riders. I rode up and became at once part of the "outfit." The riders were mainly young and were the sons and hired men of the ranchers.

The outfit consisted of three covered wa-

The outfit consisted of three covered wa-gons, four tents, eighty saddle horses, three cooks and about twenty riders. There was in command a "cow-boss," or captain of the round-up, who took me in charge and showed me every possible courtesy." The bunch was on one side of the creek and the corral on the other, and the cows and calves to be branded were separated

either side.

with rain.

SALEDA, August 4, 1895.

of a round-up over

T CRIPPLE CREEK

mining camp I heard

on Wilson creek, and

saddling a horse I "hit the trail," as

they say on the

Leaving the camp,

I descended rapidly

along a fine trail

running among asp-

ens and scattered pines, with hills on

each side of the road

COWBOYS AT WORK

When the men attacked a three-year-old steer the struggle grew dramatic. One roper fluing the noose over the horns and while the bellowing creature leaped in the air the second man caught the hind feet. A swift turn about the nommel, a touch on the rein, and the great brute was helpless. A sharp turn of one horse and the steer was brought to the ground in a quivering heap. It all looked easy because it went on so quietly, but it takes skill to handle 1,200 pounds of beef when it is alive. THE CRUELTY OF BRANDING

After the calves sprang up they ran a little sidewise as if afraid the burning scars might touch something. I asked the boss whether some other mode of marking might not be used. might not be used.

"We've tried to find some way," he replied, "but it don't seem like there is any other way. You see, when you've got so many brands you can't earmark, and any

paint on the hair wairs off, and anything tied on would brush off or get stole."
"How often do you hold these round-

"How often do you hold these roundups?"

"Twice a year. In the spring and fall. In the spring we round up to brand the
calves while they're with the cows, and in
the fall to separate beef cattle and also to
brand any calves missed in the spring
round-up."

"I suppose these are all volunteer riders—
like an old-fashioned huskin' bee."

He smiled. "Yes. That's it exactly.
Each man is expected to do his share.
Each man drives the cattle in his range
no matter whose they are, and then we
cut out the cattle that belong on the range
where the round-up is and take the others
into their own range." into their own range. "How long does the spring round-up

"We've been out since the first week of June. We'll be out till August 7, prob-ably. The fall round-up isn't quite so

ably. The fall round-up isn't quite so long."

The branding was scon over and then the camp began to move. The next round-up lay over a formidable ridge, and as I rode behind the troupe with the boss, I saw a characteristic scene. Toiling up the terrible grade, one horse on the cook's wagon gave out, and four of the cowboys hitched their lariats to the pole and jerked the wagon up the gulch "like a bat out o' hell," as one man graphically put it. In this way do these men dominate all conditions.

As we rose the snow-covered mountains came into view again, and far to the northwest, Pike's Peak rose like a pink moon with silver bands. All about were tumbled granite ridges and glorious grassy swells. Just at sunset we wound down into a wide deliciously green valley where no mark of man was set, save in the trail. In the center of the icasin a drove of cattle was feeding. Beyond, swift riders were pushing before them the herd of saddle horses. Below, cut of a deep defile a platoon of other riders was moving to meet us. It was all beautiful, unworn, impressive. As we rose the snow-covered mountain

awoke I could hear the bawl of restless bulls, the bleat of calves and the call of the dams.

The next morning I took the trail alone, with a little diagrammon paper to guide me. As I went out towest my horse, the cattle began to snuff and to bellow, and galloped after me. One immense bull seemed particularly out of sorts with men. These cattle on the range qual I knew), are not accustemed to sceing men on foot. I had a heavy fence between me and the bull, for which I was grataful. My horse, anfortunately, was on the same side of the fence as the bull. I took a big rock in one hand and I leaped the fence and slipped the bridle on my horse and rode through the bridle on my horse and slipped the bridle on my horse and rode through the fence and slipped the way of the horse. Their the rode of the trail. In the center of them the herd of saddle heads was moving to meet us. It w

They were rough iron-sided fellows—mainly Missourians—and were mostly less than thirty years of age. They wore rough business overalls and colored shirts—quite generally gray, with dirt and sweat. Their boots were short and very high heeled and their wide hats and "slickers" were the only uniform articles of dress. Bevolvers only uniform articles of dress. Revolver bearskin leggings and cartridge belts have

affectation.

As night fell the men built a great bon fire, and, currounding it, sang and boasted and told stiff yarns and exploded in obscenity till time to turn in. Then they packed into the tent like sardines and be-

packed into the tent like sardines and be-came quiet in sleep—they were quiet at no other time in the day.

As we were eating breakfast the next morning, everybody feeling damp and stiff in the joints, there came the dull throbbing of hoofs, and down the valley the horse wrangler came, shouting, "Horses." Before him the troop was rushing like a wild herd. Others took up the cry "Horses! Get your bridles."

Others took up the cry "Horses! Get your bridles."

The wrangler rounded the drove toward the tents, whence issued the riders, lariat in hand. The horses are all broncho grades, small, alert, flat-limbed, wild-eyed and tricky. They have to be caught with the rope each day. The men surround them, herding them into a compact squad. The riders advanced into the herd one by one, with coiled ropes ready and noosed and pulled out their best horses, for the ride was to be hard.

One man tried three times for a wicked-looking buckskin broncho. The men jeered him, but he noosed him at last and drew him out with wild eyes rolling. The saddles went on meanwhile, the horses wincing at the cinch. At last all were secured, the riders swung into the saddle and dashed away with that singular, swift, gliding, sidewise gallop so characteristic of these men and their ponies.

They were off now for some seven hours of the hardest riding in a blinding fog and a thick failing rain. We plunged into a wide regred.

of the hardest riding in a blinding fog and a thick falling rain. We plunged into a wide, ragged, walled canon for a five-mile ride and then came out upon a small valley. Here the boss drew up and the riders grouped themselves about him. He lifted his hand and pointed to the west and called off four names—the riders dashed away into the steep gulch and were out of sight in a moment. Four went to the east, six to the south and two remained with the wrangler moment. Four went to the east, six to the south and two remained with the wrangler to keep the herd of relay horses.

No one who has not actually ridden in the drive on this rauge can understand its full rigor. All about were hills built of granite, clothed in places with a light soil and with grass, in others the bulbous ledges lay clear to the air and were wet.

granite, clothed in places with a light soil and with grass, in others the bulbous ledges lay clear to the air and were wet with rain. Up and down the hills the half wild cattle feed like goats, and on a wet morning they are all on the hills or upper parks. To find them and to drive them means hard riding on any day, but to find and drive them on such a morning was well-nigh appalling, and yet these reck-less young dare-devils vanished in the rain singing and shouting. Compared with such work as this, herding and driving on the open country is child's play.

For a couple of hours the bunching place was silent, the rain dropped from the rim of my hat and ran down my slicker. The creek roared sleepily but sullenly below. I rode up a hill to see if I could see any of the riders, but the great curiing masses of wool-like fog hid everything from me. I came suddenly upon a half dozen cattle in the mist and rain—they rushed away snuffing like elk, the stones rattling behind them.

I returned to the valley and walted. In a short time I heard a trample and halloo and the clatter of hoofs, and over a shingly ridge came a herd of fifty or more bawling, shorting cattle. Behind them, riding like mad, were a couple of herders. They came down the bank with a rush, the horses

mad, were a couple of herders. They came down the bank with a rush, the horses coasting on their haunches, the shingly stones grinding and clattering behind them, while the riders sat calm and easeful in the

One by one the other hands came in out The struggle with the calves reminded me of the pride men took in holding a pig at hog-killing time, in Iowa, in frontier days.

It was unrelievedly cruel to see the fawnHighest of all in Leavening Power.- Latest U.S. Gov't Report

## Baking

wading streams, plunging into gulches and rising tumultuously over ridges. The jocular, boyish voices of the herders rang out. The blurr of their yellow slickers came to the eye through the rain with a glow like dull flame. There was in the scene semething big and strong and manly. At such moments these riders are completely admirable.

ble. hardy horses and their powerful ckless men are a product of these These hardy horses and their powerful and reckless men are a product of these hills as truly as the cattle. It is not a lonely life—it does not appear to be a very high sort of civilization—it will give way before civilization—it makes men hard and coarse and yet it carries with it something line and wholesome. It has retreated from the plains to the mountain valleys—from the mountain valleys it has sought final refuge on the mountain tops themselves, where grain and fruit will not grow. At an altitude twice as high as the peaks of the Alleghanies, these cattlemen have fixed their ranges. Whether the settler or the miner will dislodge him from these rigorous and rugged altitudes remains to be seen.

HAMLIN GARLAND.

A Woman's Pluck. From the Fortnightly Review.

Let us consider in what 'the physical

courage of woman has hitherto most differed from that of man, for the difference is one not only of degree, but quality, and the result partly of physiological condi-tions, partly of the influence of heredity, and partly of the necessities of her social and partly of the necessities of her social life and the education which is habitually assigned to her—all of which must affect the future as well as the past. Broadly speaking, it is in passive fortitude and endurance, in continuance rather than vehemence of effort, in self-abnegation and vicarious pleasure that the courage of woman excels. She will face with equanimity a necessary danger, but will rarely seek or delight in it. Joys of contest and peril have for her little meaning, and no attraction: delight in it. Joys of contest and perit have for her little meaning, and no attraction; they threaten the home, they are physically proscribed during a great portion of her iffe; they conflict with her special province of being beautiful, and her special glory of being chosen and protected. I doubt whether there be a woman in the world who does not in her heart of hearts still like beirg fought for, who does not admire even an ordinary feat of strength or daring more than all the honors of the schools.

or daring more than all the honors of the schools.

How strange it would be were this not so, when we remember that for centuries upon centuries the progress of civilization, the evolution of sex, has been founded upon the contest of male for female. When we think of the course of history, the necessities of structure, the influence of maternity, the slow inheritance of one uniform tradition of conduct, of all these diverse and potent factors alike tending in the same direction, there is no room for wonder that a radically different conception of courage should be held by men and women, and we must require very strong women, and we must require very strong evidence to believe that such a conception in harmony, as it appears to be alike with nature and reason, is erroneous or destruc-

The Technique of Pen and Ink. from the Spectator. It is easy, of course, to understand how

pen drawing should have come to be so largely employed and elaborated. It is a matter of reproduction for illustration. An eiching will not print with type, nor with engraving. This led in the early part of the century to the imitation of steel engravings by wood engravers, who did the business most skillfully with immense labor. The drawings for them were mostly made in percil. But photographic process rendered the intervention of the wood engraver needless, if the artist made a pen drawing that would photograph and process well. A purely technical difficulty can be overcome by large numbers of craftsmen; large numbers, accordingly, have learned to make pen drawings to supplant wood engravings. But it should be noted that to do this is itself a kind of reproductive process. Few elaborate pen drawings are made without a studious foundation in some other material. The pen line must frequently be traced or drawn over the pencil line, very much like the engraver's tool. part of the century to the imitation of steel wood engravings. But it should be noted that to do this is itself a kind of reproductive process. Few elaborate pen drawings are made without a studious foundation in some other material. The pen line must frequently be traced or drawn over the pencil line, very much like the engraver's tool.

The point about the moderns and ancients, then, resolves itself into the imitation by the moderns in a new medium of the technique of an old. It is certain that the ancients could have performed this

the technique of an old. It is certain that the ancients could have performed this feat if they had chosen, not altogether cer-tain that they would have chosen. For, to consider those other points of reproduc-tion and dissemination, the modern master seems to be in no greater hurry than the ancient to make use of the new facilities. When such a master does take up the pen, he handles it to much grander effect than do its devotees.

Fads in Ships. From Chambers' Journal.

Fads in shipbuilding seem to date from he seventeenth century, when a Dutch merchant gave orders for a vessel to be onstructed for him like the pictorial representations of Noah's ark. The shipping folk in the town where he resided jeered at him for his eccentric idea, but when the craft was completed and she was found capable of carrying a third more cargo than other owners' ships, and no extra men were required to work her, the laugh changed sides. Probably this is the only instance on record of a "fad" turning out successful when put to a practical test.

In 1814 William Doneaster patented what he described as being "the first hydrostatic ship which has ever appeared upon the nabitable globe." It consisted of five pontoons, sharp pointed, to divide the displaced water, so that she would rise well to the waves. Four water wheels were fixed fore and aft, between pontoons one and two and four and five, through which the water ran to propel the vessel. This invention, as might readily be imagined, proved to be of no use whatever. him for his eccentric idea, but when the

From the Quarterly Review. The earliest certaiff trace in Greek liter ature of the rose as a cultivated flower is to be found in Herodotus, in his account of the rise of the House of Macedonia. The one rise of the House of Macedonia. The son of Temenus, he says (Bk. viil., 138), fied into another part of Macedonia, and took up their abode "near the gardens of Midas. In these gardens there are roses which grow of themselves"—that is, we suppose, without much attention to pruning or budding—"so sweet that no others can vie with them in this; and their blossoms have as many as sixty petals apiece." Every rose grower will at once recognize in this, the most venerable of all rose records, the original rosa centifolia, still, more then two thousand years afterward, one of the sweetest in many an old English garden—the old Provence or Cabbage rose. And it is a curious illustration of Herodotus' accuracy in unsuspected details, that Pliny describes the same rose as found principally in much the same district, in the neighborhood of Philippi, the people of which, he says, get it from the neighboring Mount Pangaeus, and greatly improve it by transplantations. In the long history of roses, the Provence or hundred-leaved rose seems chiefly to have formed the backbone of continuity. son of Temenus, he says (Bk. viii., 138),

THE CARP AS VERMIN.

An Opinion Which is Not Indorsed by

From Forest and Stream.

A correspondent presents this problem and asks for its solution: "A pond contain-ing six acres, which is used as a reservoir for drinking water, is infested with carp. The bottom is so uneven that a drag net cannot be employed.. The fish were introduced under the hallucination that they would be a desirable addition to the water. They are now recognized as an abominable nuisance. How shall they be extermin-

In smaller bodies of water, which are not connected with others inhabited by useful species, carp may be destroyed by liming. In a Long Island case which came under our observation, a private pond had been stocked with carp, which thrived and multiplied and effectually despoiled the pond of its usefulness and beauty. They rooted like hogs among the water lilies and other vegetable growth, destroying it and keeping the water continually stirred up and disgustingly dirty. They waxed fat on the ruin they wrought, but were themselves good neither for sport nor for the table. Other expedients failing to clear them out, the pond was partially drained and then barrels of lime were thrown into it. Afterward, the water being drawn off, heaps of autumn leaves were spread over the bottom, and subsequently the mold, mud and carp skeletons were dug up and carted away for fertilizing. Then the pond was reflooded; and the owner now rejoices in a piece of water stocked with black bass. He has had his little carp experience and has paid for it. our observation, a private pond had been

plece of water stocked with black bass. He has had his little carp experience and has paid for it.

The fact is that the carp is in many instances proving itself to be a costly and dangerous fish. If the facts were known it would probably be shown that there are scores of cases similar to this Long Island instance, where the introduction of the carp has been a gigantic mistake; and unfortunately it often happens that the waters so infested are of such extent or are so connected with other waters that a remedy may not be applied so simply and effectually as it was here. The best cure for carp is prevention. To keep the first fish out is to forestall the necessity of waging war upon them when they are in. Fish and Game Protector Chas. A. Shriner has recently directed the attention of the New Jersey fish commission to the proposed introduction of tench, a fish of the carp family, into the waters of that state by the national fish commission. "We have

ed introduction of tench, a fish of the carp family, into the waters of that state by the national fish commission. "We have in this country," he says, "a good variety of indigenous fish, whose distribution and propagation would supply not only sport for the angler, but food for all, and it seems to me very injudiclous to introduce into our waters to the exclusion of our native fish European fish which nobody here seems to appreciate. I would suggest that something ought to be dene toward informing the people of New Jersey of the probable evil effects of the introduction of the tench."

On the other hand Commissioner Mac-

On the other hand Commissioner Mac-Donald of the United States fish commis-sion, we believe, recommends the carp and tench as desirable species, and under his direction the government is distributing these fish throughout the country.

A Riot in a Theater. From the Gentleman's Magazine

Serious riot arose in the Edinburg Theater in connection with the wounded feelings of the servants. Those were fine times for footme i, when their masters attended upper gallery. This was all very well so long as the management did nothing to offend them. But the Scottish servants of those days had a keen sense of dignity. and would not submit to be satirized. So when the farce "High Life Below Stairs"

the farce. Hercupon the upper gallery turned rebellious. The noise and discord were prodigious. The masters in the body of the house went up to remonstrate with their contumacious servants, but the lat-ter would not listen to the voice of au-thority. Order was at last restored, but not before the footmen had been expelled in a body from the house. There was no free admission for footmen after this.

A Mishon.





